

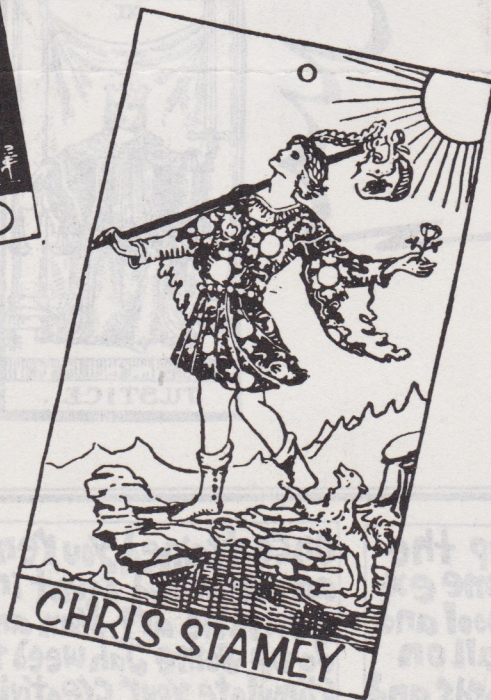
JERSEY BEAT

issue 18
vol.3 no.4



J.Z.
Alter Boys

**IT'S ALL IN
THE
CARDS!**



with...

Soul Attack

Mamma Tried

Alter Boys

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JERSEY BEAT

THE FANZINE FOR UNACCOMPANIED MALES AND
GIRLS LEFT OFF THE GUEST LIST

VOL. III NO. IV

ISSUE 18

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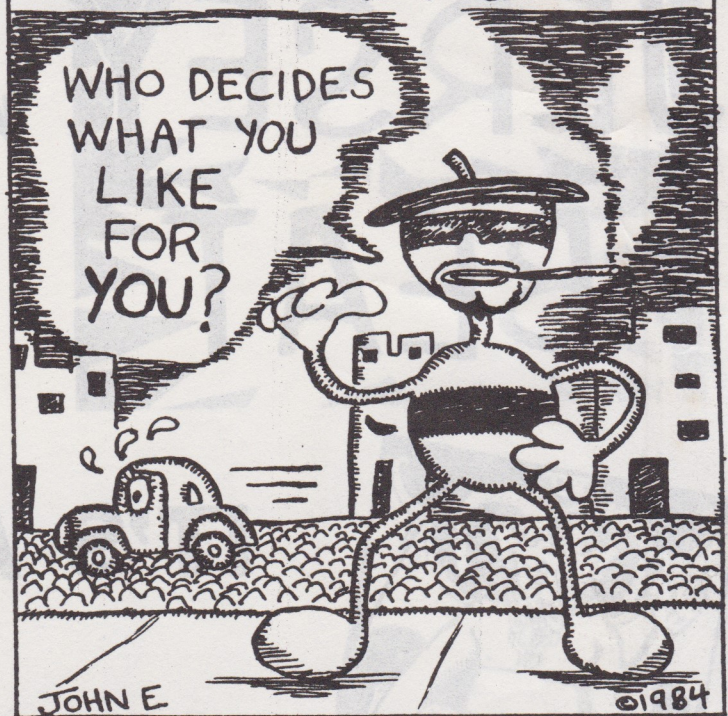
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UNCLE JAM SEZ:



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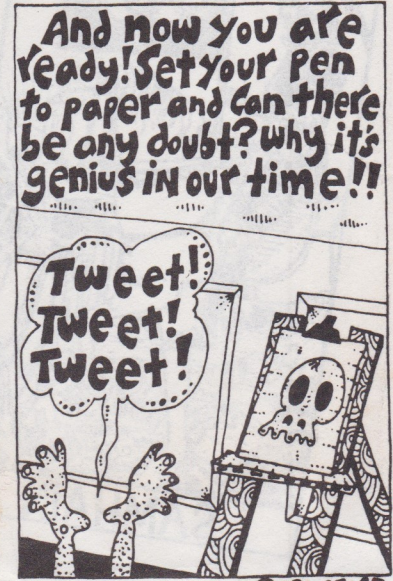
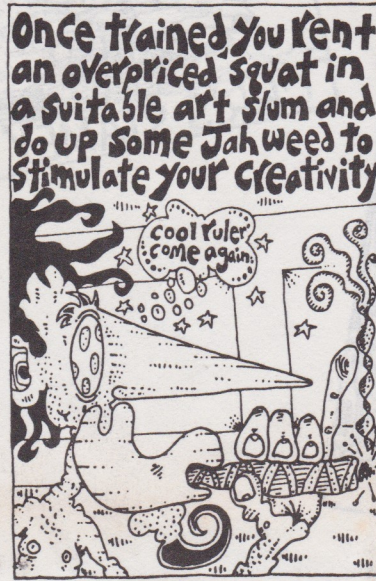
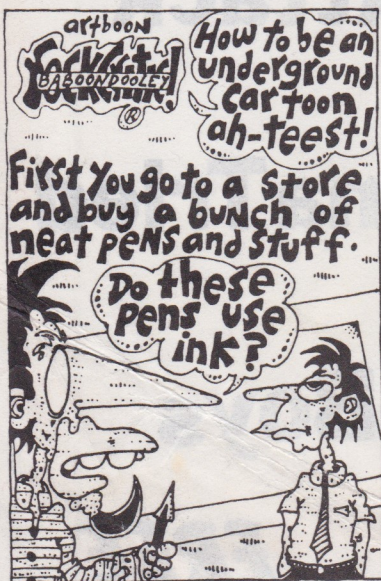


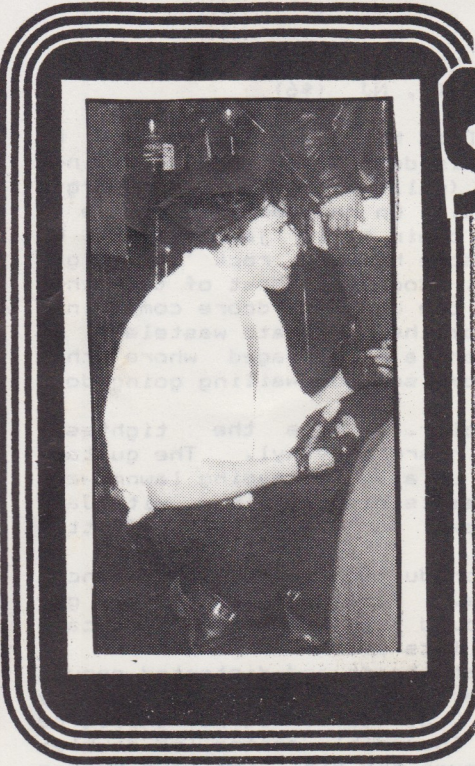
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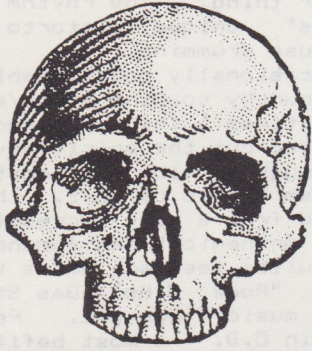
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SAMHAIN

Son Of Misfits



GLENN DANZIG

Glenn Danzig's like the Wizard of Oz - he's learned the power to make himself grander than life. Look at the Misfits: On the basis of their records, just another metal/punk band. Yet their cult following borders on legendary. Don't believe me? Just count the Misfits t-shirts you'll still see at any sizable hardcore show.

Now Danzig's new band, Samhain, follows the same yellow brick road to punk stardom: Like the Misfits, Samhain (with Danzig on guitar and vocals; Steve Zing, ex-Mourning Noise, on drums; and Eerie Von on bass) may be based in NJ, but they live on their road; only a few months old, the band is already on its second national tour. They're also into making records; the first Samhain LP, *Initium*, has just been released, and the band has recorded a followup 12-inch EP for release this winter.

The Misfits lasted a long time, something like six or seven years, and one of the ways they did it was to play at home as seldom as possible. That way, they could hide behind their ghoulish mysterious image and keep their shows special events, even in their own backyard. Samhain's following the same route, and the group hasn't played out enough locally yet for anyone to get a handle on their stage show, although the first Samhain gig (at the old Rock Hotel) was deemed pretty much a failure. Lyle Preslar of Minor Threat was an original member of the band, but personality conflicts and his refusal to relocate from Washington, D.C. meant little rehearsal time, and the band struggled through a set they barely knew. Preslar left the band soon after, but stayed long enough to record four cuts on the album.

Fans of Minor Threat (and who isn't) will be surprised to hear the results, though; Preslar's thundering lead guitar has been blunted in the mix and subsumed into the same miasmic swamp-gas fuzz and drone that constitutes Samhain's sound. Samhain also appropriates the Misfits' horror-movie graphics - lots of bloody monsters and ghoulish delights, from their logo (and t-shirts) to the album jacket (which shows the trio as blood-spattered, half-naked zombies) to the songs: "Macabre," "Horror Biz," "Black Dream," "The Howl"... You get the picture. Roger Corman made it for American International pictures in 1957.

Still, *Initium* is far from a bad record; or even a predictable one. Sure, the Creature Feature intro is nothing new, and some of the songs sound like Misfits retreads, but the sound is unique - guitar, bass, and drums mixed into a dense peasoup fog of sound - with Danzig's manic vocals on top. And the final cut, "Arc Angel," is a killer - an avant-ghoul production triumph that suggests Mission of Burma in its use of layered guitar drone, modulated feedback, and pulsing reverb'd percussion: Darkly beautiful and haunting, it's the most striking single cut of any record I've heard in months.

Whither Samhain? More touring, then - sometime in November, they say - they'll play New York or New Jersey again. For the band that makes every day Halloween, time is seldom a problem.

- Jim Testa

Stamey

by Bruce Gallanter
CHRIS STAMEY, *Instant Excitement*
Coyote Records

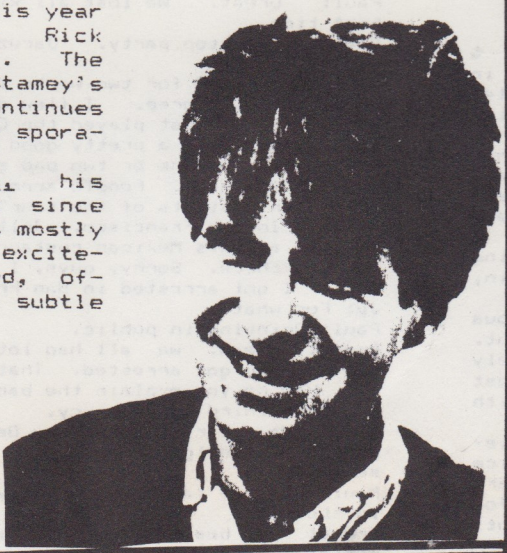
Chris Stamey is much more magical than some people may realize. He could be an American Daevid Allen (of Gong) with his own unique guitar, vocal, and songwriting sound. Drawing on a wealth of pop genres from the '60's through the '80's, his music is truly diverse, and occasionally a bit too eclectic for more lighthearted listeners. I hear Stamey hooking into a certain tradition - a magical quality that made Beatles music so special, and has continued through the likes of Big Star and Let's Active.

Stamey can sing like an angel or let out short bursts of controlled Tom Verlaine-like bent guitar brilliance, as witnessed at an incredible (but mostly unrecognized) Peter Dinklage gig at Maxwells not too long ago. With rhythm being an integral part of Chris' music, he did some duo gigs this year with only drummer Rick Brown (of V Effect). The duo, as well as Stamey's current quartet, continues to evolve, playing sporadic but great gigs.

Instant Excitement, his second solo effort since leaving the dBs, is mostly superb; all of the excitement is well balanced, often memorable, and subtle as well.

Cont on next pg

A 2nd Listen



by Bruce Gallanter

The Wacky Hi-Jinks of Adrenalin O.D.
Buy Our Records/PO Box 363/Vauxhall, NJ (#6)

A total blast!! Adrenalin O.D. is NJ's hottest roar of HC insanity, no doubt! The proof is definitely in the pudding. This LP explodes with immense (wall-of-noise-like) energy. Complete massacre of the senses. On one hand, AOD have a truly humorous side - between their silly jacket pix, LP title, and songs about White Castle hassles, rock 'n roll gas stations, and their goof on Mr. Rogers. Most of the other lyrics concern themselves with the usual hardcore complaint-department style material, from the corporate wasteland to WW4, to jocks and Trans Ams and a middle-aged whore they dislike. Musically, there's some serious wailing going down here.

This record sounds like a blur. It's the tightest, quickest, scariest sludge I've heard on vinyl. The guitars growl, grind, grate, and grip us all. Screaming lawnmowers do their thing. The rhythm team is also amazing, with Jack Steeples' unique distorted bass force and Dave Scott's powerhouse drumming.

The occasionally questionable production actually enhances the scrounchy soaring sound/mass. Paul Richards' vocals get lost at times & the drums can sound like mammoth garbage cans in places, but the spirit never lets up.

Mean enough to blow away most metalheads and distorted enough to please lovers of fuzz, these triumphant warriors recently returned from a very successful U.S. tour. Jersey should be proud. Anthemic tunes abound. Incredibly controlled double-warpo guitar feedback burns through the din. Get your brains fried. "Rock N Roll Gas Station" is as hot as this music - or any music - can get. Pedal down to the floor insanity. Adrenalin O.D. - a most befitting name.

THE JERSEY BEAT INTERVIEW!

by Jim Testa

Three years ago, the Jersey hardcore scene was more rumor than fact, with bands that never played out (like Green Shirts Suck or Suburbicide), no clubs willing to book music that people slammed to, and a rivalry with the New York punks that threatened to blow up at every gig. Then along came Adrenalin O.D. They were more than just faster and louder than everybody else; their throttling hi-intensity thrash attack combined blazing guitar/bass bravado with side-splitting yuks - songs like "Old People Talk Loud" (chorus: "WHATT!?") and "Paul's Not Home" proved that hardcore could be more than the soundtrack to a teenage rumble.

Three years later, Adrenalin O.D. has released its first LP, completed a tour of the country, and stands at the core of a vital and busy punk scene in the Garden State. We caught up with the band (Paul Richard, vocals and guitar; Bruce Wingate, guitar; Jack Steeples, bass; and Dave Scott, drums) outside CBGB in October, just before they played to a packed, enthusiastic crowd of NY and NJ punks.

Jersey Beat: So how did the tour go?

Paul: Great. We lost all kinds of money and had the best time.

Dave: Non-stop party. Jacuzzis, burritos, and wild women!

Jack: I played for two weeks in California. Mostly it was the other three. I flew out to Salt Lake City to meet them and just played the California dates.

Paul: We got a pretty good response wherever, of course we had one or two bad shows but there are assholes everywhere. People seemed to know who we were.

JB: Any highlights of the tour?

Dave: In San Francisco, Jello Biafra took us out to dinner at this Mexican restaurant and then he beat us for the check. Sorry, guys, I only got a dollar!

Paul: I got arrested in San Francisco too.

JB: For what?

Paul: Drinking in public.

Bruce: Yeah, we all had lots more to drink than you did and you got arrested. That was pretty funny.

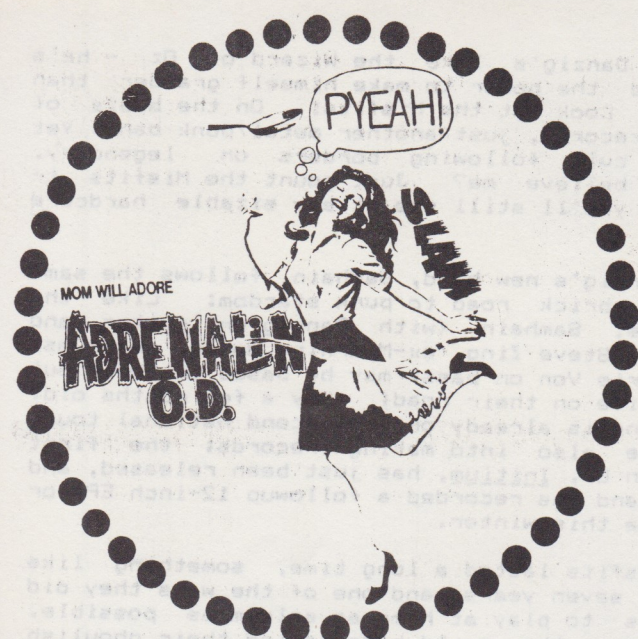
JB: How do you explain the band's longevity? You just had your third anniversary.

Dave: We eat right and take Geritol.

Jack: And we love each other. Mostly we don't take it seriously.

Paul: No, we take it seriously but we never let it get in the way.

Bruce: And besides, people like us now, that makes it easier.



A.O.D.
n
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stamey cont.)

The opening tune, "Excitement," has lovely yet biting & ringing guitars. The balance of emotions found in relationships is well displayed in the soft-spoken vocals, interspersed with the build-up of splashing guitars. Marching drums beat proudly at the center.

John Lennon's "Instant Karma" is an odd choice, esp. since Stamey doesn't alter it much. His vocals sound less desperate, but equally impassioned. It does seem strangely appropriate to bring out the message of this song 14 years later, with the supposed apocalypse knocking at our door.

The deep minimalist beauty of "When We're Alone" is touching and dreamlike. Lovely sounds (only guitar, marimba, violin, and vocal) are suspended in an Eastern melancholy haze.

A Gong-like tune, "Ghost Town," has a silly yet serious cosmic groove and some amazing production throughout. Unexpected sounds and instruments just drop in with strangely abrupt drums and atmospheric guitars swirling. "Ghost Town" has no lyrics but does have some cool vocalese, with the listener completing the song's "story."

After that bizarre journey, we arrive at a sweet fairy tale-like folk tune, "Something Came Over Me." The delicate voice is most soothing, and the acoustic guitar solo & strings are also wonderful. This EP is mostly a masterpiece, except for the out of place, unnamed last song, which is dumb/funny/out-to-lunch simultaneously. Hmm?

JB: You've outlived all your enemies.
 Dave: No, it's funny, nobody would like us and then all of a sudden, people started liking us.
 Now we might as well stick with it.
 Paul: All the bands started liking us. Then their fans started.
 JB: How about this NY vs. NJ thing? There used to be quite a rivalry.
 Jack: We just used to push it. The first time we played A7 (a tiny Manhattan club) they liked us, then they found out we were from Jersey and started booing. But we just kept playing there anyway.
 Dave: It's all over. The rivalry doesn't exist anymore. Look at this crowd. There's lots of people here. See any Manhattanites? They're all from the suburbs.
 JB: And feedback from the record yet? You've always done well with the little you've released.
 Paul: We've really been lucky. Everything we've done just fell into our laps. Like that ROIR thing, that was just demo tapes we did on a cassette player at a rehearsal studio, but the timing was right. That cassette ("New York Thrash") was the first thing out of NY and everybody paid attention to it. So we could use that as a reference to get gigs and stuff.
 Dave: We recorded a cut for the Bad Brains compilation but Jah willing they never released it.
 Jack: I see these dinky little bands together six months and they have an LP out. It was a year and a half until we had the money to release that cheesy single.
 JB: How's it going now?
 Paul: Since we got back from tour, it's amazing. We've had a gig every week. There are a lot of places to play now and people are coming out to see us.
 JB: You were really the first funny hardcore band I remember. Now just about every Jersey band does funny songs. Do you feel like the godfathers of Jersey hardcore?
 Paul: I guess when we started there weren't a lot of other funny bands. We're not just funny. Like last week, we wrote two new songs in rehearsal; one was pretty serious, kinda political, and the other was pretty funny.
 Dave: I don't think of us as godfathers but I guess we have helped some of the newer bands along. Now we get a lot of help from Lenny and Jim (who run Buy Our Records).
 JB: What's the Adrenalin O.D. philosophy?
 Paul: A day late and a dollar short!



Bruce n' Paul - AOD



Linda Moreno Photo

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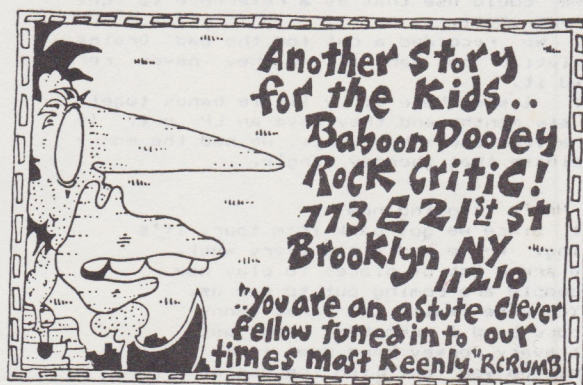
POLKA-DOT PUNKS

by Mick London

Rick Sullivan's a cool guy, he wears button-down polka-dot shirts and Beatle boots. He also puts out the Gore Gazette filmzine and he books the gore-movies at the Dive (Thursdays, 8:30). As if alla that ain't enough, Rick's also got himself a swingin' 6T's "garage" (they really practice in a barn!) band. In the CREEPING PUMPKINS, Rick plays guitar and sings.

Let's go back a bit... The Pumpkins started out at the Dive on a "Psychedelic Night" playing a kinda wall-of-fuzz feedback sound; they even used distortion on the bass! Well, now the feedback is almost gone and they're playing a more jangly-guitar type sound; the band's also more confident on stage and more rehearsed. There's also a bunch of great Pumpkins' originals emerging from "the barn": The best of which is called "Let's Go", kinda like "High Heel Sneakers" goes fuzz. It's FAB! There's no Pumpkins vinyl yet, though. I've never even seen a flyer for one of their gigs. It's obvious these guys do it "just for fun." They are fun and...swingin'!

Mick London is the editor of START!, the modzine that chronicles the adventures of his band, Mod Fun; available for a SASE from 131 W. Passaic St., Maywood, NJ 07607.



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Jerseycide

HEAVY METAL

GUILTY OF JERSEYCID, Compilation LP
A.C.E. Rock 'N' Roll Co.
42 Oakwood Avenue, Bogota, NJ 07803

Heavy metal? It almost doesn't exist anymore. Between new-age guitar heroes like the Ramones, Minor Threat, and Black Flag on the one hand, and MOR crossovers like Van Halen and Def Leppard on the other, metalheads have found their headbanging melees being sucked right into the mainstream of new-wave pop — and that's finally trickling down to the local club scene.

Guilty Of Jerseycide charts this new metal/punk territory through the music of 5 local bands: Striker, L4, the Double O Zeros, the Chains, and a solo offering from the Chains' lead singer, Chris Bond. Some of it's lightweight and silly (like the Chains' cover of "I Woke Up In Love This Morning," an old Partridge Family hit), some of it's the usual (Striker and the Double O's both perform their theme songs), and some of it's great. Christopher Bond's "Million Miles Of Love" reminds me of hard-rockin' new-wavers like Bram Tchaikovsky; it's a strong song with powerful guitars and a memorable melody. And even the less impressive cuts on this lp soar over most of the local metal I've heard in the past. Heavy metal? Don't cut your hair yet, kids. There's one more dance in the old gal yet.
— Jim Testa



WARNING
Anchorage, AK

PUNK

Alter Boys: Velvets, Punk, Pop

"It's real hard for us to get gigs if we're not part of a scene, but I don't know what kind of label you could pin on us, so we're gonna try to start our own scene," says John, lead singer for NYC's Alter Boys. Yeah, labels, they can be a bitch. How can you tag this combo? They're young, cute, lots of guitars, lots of hooks, charismatic frontman, a ton of originals, even more covers... What can you call it but 'New York Rock N Roll'? The Velvets, the Dolls, the Dictators, the Ramones... They call play a role in the Alter Boys' sound. But NY Rock? Hardly anything you could build a scene around, is it?

The Alter Boys have been pegged as a new-psychedelic band and have tried a few gigs lumped in with the local Paisley Underground, but it didn't take: These modern boys clearly have more on their minds than rehashing 1966. First off, there's bad-boy vocalist John, prone to climbing over tables and chairs to dance with the crowd, throwing Daltrey windmill spins with his mike, croaking out gutsy monotones for the drone songs and swingin' like a pendulum do for the pop tunes. And he spits out the "Ya better hit her" in "There She Goes Again" better than anybody since Lou Reed.

Clearly, these boys cherish the Velvets. They've got that Reed/Morrison mix in the clash of J.Z.'s and Eddie's guitars, one churning out moody drone while the other noodles around with quick, catchy leads. Roger's the blond behind the drum kit with the fast hands and choirboy falsetto on backup vocals; Marc's one of those hyper-melodic bassists in the Rob Norris mold. And they all look like humpy altar boys who need haircuts.

Puzzling, then, that there aren't hoards of screaming teenyboppers tearing at their clothes or a line of agents and A&R men waiting to sign them up. Fact is, though, the band is struggling. An occasional date at CBGB (weeknights, so far) and the odd gig at the other small city clubs notwithstanding, this is a band with a clearly defined need for a scene of its own.

(cont. on next pg)



C O C O O O O O O O O O O O O O



ALTER BOYS

- Jim Testa

WARNING

P.O. Box 102993

Anchorage, AK 99510 (\$1)

Mostly punk, some skateboarding,
lots of bands from Alaska. Cool.

RESERKER

Box 961 No. Elizabeth Station

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TRASH BEAT

c/o Mike Start

35 Fifth Ave.

New York, NY 10002 (SASE)

Issue #1 just out, this is the newest psychedelic rag to hit the streets. Lots of neat pix, a Fuzztones story, and a Jersey scene report (!). Trashy and fun.



Mamma Weer All Tryin' Now



by Jim DeRogatis

Mamma Tried is NJ's reigning female-powered pop/rock combo, an energetic quartet from the Jersey shore that started as a cover band in 1982. Since then, they've worked up an impressive set of original tunes, spent countless hours playing seedy South Jersey bars, and released their debut EP (reviewed here last ish).

Guitarist Ellen Schultz and keyboardist Rose Mellaci started the band, naming it after a now-defunct clothing shop in Greenwich Village. Powerhouse drummer Tracy Truran joined after moving to NJ from Southern Illinois, and bassist Karen Richards, an NYU student, completed the lineup.

These women have no intention of becoming the new GoGo's or Cyndi Lauper; they're closer to the pre-CBS Bangles in sound and style. When they take the stage in their nondescript black jackets and t-shirts, they mean business, and they dish out a hot set of above-average dance-rock.

Mellaci, Schultz, and Richards all take lead on the vocals. Richards has the raunchiest and most powerful pipes (sorta like a distaff David Johansen); Mellaci's is sweeter and more melodic. The keyboards provide the backdrop for Richards and Truran's uptempo rhythms and Schultz' spunky guitar weaves in and out of the din. The result is powerful frat party fodder whose main message is, "Shut up and dance!"

Too bad that And Then..., the band's EP, doesn't capture the group's free-for-all intensity on stage, a show gutsy enough that The Boss himself strapped on the old Strat and leaped on stage for a few songs at the EP Release Party at the Brighton Bar a few moons back. They must be doing something right.

Gigs have been hard to come by but Mamma Tried keeps plugging away. The EP's been popular on a few college radio stations and the band's done well with college gigs. If they do get a club date in your neck of the woods, they're worth catching. After all, if Bruce Springsteen likes them...

MUSIC

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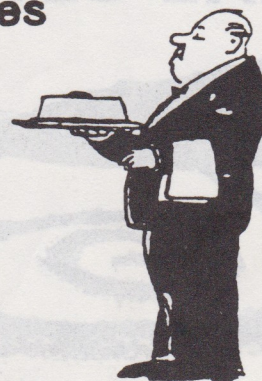
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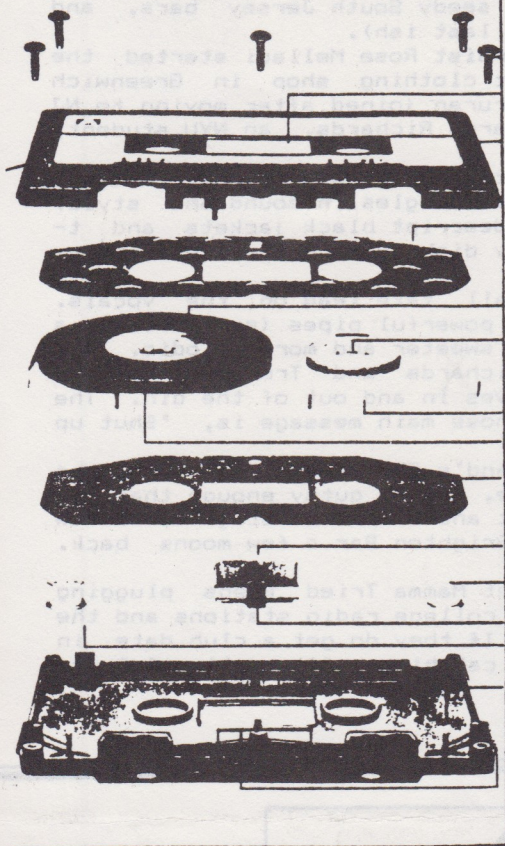
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tapes



A Grey District (4-song demo cassette)

A Grey District, like the Phosphores, Ward 8, and Stan Demeski, comes out of the Lyndhurst/Bloomfield Post-Psychedelic Mafia, a scene that seems to produce weird guitar bands. Ward 8's Joseph Michaels produced this tape, re-affirming the connection, but A Grey District still sounds more like the U.K. than Bloomfield Ave. All the tricks on these recordings point toward influences like Gang of Four, Echo & the Bunnymen, and other English mood bands.

On the plus side, A Grey District displays imaginative intertwining guitarwork from Stephen Lepore and Richard Thomas (kudos to their live cover of "Sister Ray") and solid, steady drumming from Chris O'Donovan. But then there're Joe Dulinski's heavy-handed funk basslines and Glenn Vistica's annoyingly whiney lyrics: "They took my life away from me/now I spend my days in misery..." Vistica even manages to turn home into a three-syllable word on the overbearing "Nowhere To Call Home."

The band's bio proclaims, "This is an urban band that knows nothing is sacred." A nice thought, but hardly becoming from a band that seems to take itself so seriously. Lighten up, fellas, drop the Limey affectations, and we'll see.

(73 Hill St., Belleville, NJ 07109)



Fun With String (3-song demo cassette)

I'm a sucker for anything with lots of guitar and fell for Fun With String immediately. This demo overflows with jangling, squawking, strumming, twanging, buzzing guitars. Fun With String is a Brooklyn-based quartet that plays gritty, downhome garage-rock with a now toward Creedence Clearwater Revival and their modern counterparts, R.E.M. The vocals here recall the late, great Lester Bangs' loveably off-key yowl; these 3 songs could be out-takes from Lester's *Savage Jukes On The Brazos* lp (Velvets meet the Voidoids in Austin?). "Smiles" is the obvious winner; a catchy, driving riff with neat harmonies on the chorus and lots and lots of those guitars. When are they playing out?

- Jim DeRogatis

by Jim DeRogatis

SPIRAL JETTY



Spiral Jetty. mud, salt, water, rock; coil 1,500'(length)x 15'(aprox. width)

Spiral Jetty is the latest NJ band to follow in the tradition of 'suburban nerds' making great rock 'n roll, a tradition that's included the Modern Lovers, the Feelies, and the Talking Heads.

Bassist Andy Gesner originally met singer/songwriter Adam Potkay when the two lived in Ithaca, NY. Drummer Dave Reynolds joined them after the duo moved to New Brunswick, where Gesner attends Rutgers U.

Spiral Jetty's sound recalls the early Heads' strained vocals, psychotic lyrics, and minimal melodies, as well as the Feelies' patented crazy rhythms.

The band's demo highlights their songwriting and includes my fave, "Muskateers Of Pig's Alley," a tongue-in-cheek reminiscence of their days "back when we were poor and living in this cheap apartment in Ithaca," says Gesner. The band plans to record again and is planning a club blitz during Gesner's Christmas recess.

"Music is the only thing that really makes us happy," Gesner says, "and it's great that people are listening to us even though we don't conform to any set standards." Watch out, the revenge of the nerds may be upon us.

Soul Attack!

...still swingin'

by Jim Testa

Rock and roll bands. Can't live with 'em, can't live without 'em. Whatcha gonna do about it?

Now I'm not talking hip here, or hardcore, or heavy; just rock and roll. Y'know, Saturday night...frat rush...high school dances. Remember? Rock and roll.

Soul Attack is a rock and roll band, and a good 'un, but in some circles that makes them as welcome as cockroaches. Flesheater fans, for instance, do not enjoy Soul Attack. Skinhead punks are not heavily involved in their music. There are no members of Einsturzende Neubauten in the Soul Attack Fan Club.

On the other hand, if you like it straight, simple, and still believe in dancing, then Soul Attack's your ticket to ride.

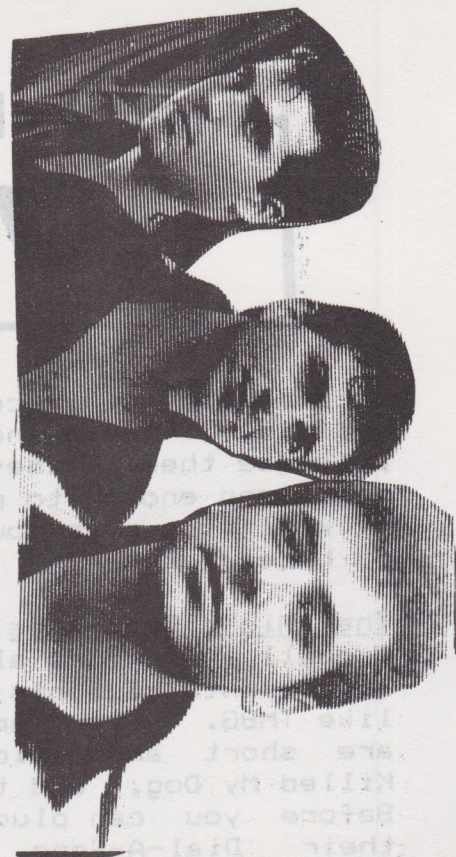
The combo started back when Chris Moffa & the Competition disbanded and UXB, a Bergen Country trio, had to change names. The three UXBers (Ernie Mendillo, bass; Alan Katz, drums; Ed Rupprecht, guitar) joined Moffa in a new combo called, you guessed it, Soul Attack. They played clubs, got popular, recorded an EP; it was going great, then it went wrong.

Just as the record came back from the factory, Moffa quit. Not just Soul Attack, but The Whole Thing: Sold his amp, hung up his blue suede shoes, bye-bye rock 'n' roll...quit. That left the remaining trio with a record to promote, half of which was written by and features somebody no longer in the band.

But rumors of Soul Attack's demise are greatly exaggerated, judging from their blow-out gig at Maxwells recently. The band added Joe Riccardello (of the Modulators) on guitar and Mendillo stepped out as frontman, and they got the joint swinging. Finally, the band's monicker makes sense: Lots of Stax/Volt r&b and Sixties soul has filtered into the music, along with a charging roadhouse rock-band style that's all get up and go-go.

The four tunes on the Soul Attack EP were written early on in the band's existence, though; it's less a Soul Attack record than Chris Moffa Meets UXB. Moffa's songs sound like the Competition's trademark Clash City Rockers - "Julie" adds a mix of Squeeze riffs and Elvis Costelloid irony to the formula, but "Maria" is pure early-Clash, a hard-rocking style Moffa had down pat. The two songs written by Mendillo recall UXB's Sixtiesish fetish for hooks and choruses, with "Little Lost Child" far and away the best song on the record. Rollicking power-pop with stinging guitars and a classic 6T's lyric, it sounds like a song you heard in 1967 and then half-forgot.

With a little luck, the new Soul Attack material - the really soulful stuff - will make it onto vinyl soon. Until then, it's back to the clubs. Flesheater fans, stay home. Noise-rock junkies, look elsewhere. Everybody else, rock and roll.



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TAPE TALES

by Patty K



This month we received numerous demo tapes. I'm not sure of the validity of reviewing demos, since you, the reader, can't go out and purchase them if they should catch your fancy. But should these bands last long enough to put out a record, you'll be thoroughly informed. It will also give you an idea of whom to track down in the clubs. So here goes...

They Might Be Giants (4 song cassette)

Oddball humor has always been a staple of rock 'n' roll, even before Dr. Demento made his mark on the world. But few bands can pull it off like TMBG. Every one of these 4 songs is credible and fun. The cuts are short and comical, like the social commentary "Youth Culture Killed My Dog," and the c/w spoof (complete with tubas) entitled "#3." Before you can pluck down cash to see the band, you can check out their Dial-A-Song hotline - (212) 387-6962 - which promises a different tune every day.

Orange Hearts (demo cassette)

Judging from this tape, Orange Hearts are the kind of band who are great fun live but can't get it down on vinyl (or chromium dioxide). The tracks are "kickass rock," as their accompanying literature points out; but they miss a field goal by inches. "Keeper Of The Flame" is a Dylanesque protest song, without the bite; more like Dan Fogelberg. "Teen Hero" and "She's Always There" stand out but the rest remind me too much of Fillet Of Soul, the combo that used to play all my high-school dances. Verdict: Too safe.



PATTIE'S PICK

"ANYTHING GOES"/"MAKIN' MY SCENE" - UNITED STATES OF EXISTENCE

U.S. Fidelity Sounds, Box 10625, Towson, MD 21204

Remember the Association - songs like "Windy," "Along Comes Mary," and "Pandora's Golden Heebie Jeebies"? Well, "Pandora" lives! The U.S. of E. lured the Association down into their basement and "Anything Goes" is the result, 3:22 minutes of bouncy pop genius, featuring the above-mentioned group's trademark harmonies. The mind-blowing "Makin' My Scene" has fun '60's style lyrics and sitar; it's got the lysergic market cornered. A must for anyone hip enough to start their own trends. As the man sez, "You don't dig this long hair, get yourself a haircut."

You can also find United States of Existence performing the best cut, "Shadows of Rainbows," on the 1983 Rebel Kind compilation from Sounds Interesting Records.

Jersey Beat Pin-up No. 12



Mamma Tried

ACCELERATORS 6-song EP
Mutha Records/PO Box 416 W. Long Branch,
NJ 07764

Give the B-side the nod on this ep from the Accelerators, produced by Mark "Mutha" Chesley on his Mutha label. The two 3-minute pop songs on the flip punch their way through the muddy mix, one-dimensional, flattened vocals, and soggy lyrics on the strength of buzzsaw guitars and a few rock hooks. The 4-song A-side (God, I hate 7" 33 1/3 disks!) is just bad hardcore, with throwaway songs about Action Park and girlfriends and one of these teenage anthems ("I wanna be free/I want anarchy, hey hey hey") that every punk with a guitar just has to write sooner or later.

- J.T.

REPLACEMENTS, Let It Be
TwinTone Records, 2541 Nicolet Ave. So.
Minneapolis, MN 55404 (\$8)
The Replacements are growing up and Let It Be provides the proof: Great songs, amazingly impassioned singing and songwriting from P. Westerberg, and God, do they know how to rock 'n roll! But this LP's more than just fast 'n loud; it feels. What might once have been silly throwaways like "Androgynous" and "Tommy Gets His Tonsils Out" become, here, a heartfelt plea for kids to do what they want (let it be, indeed) and a witty diatribe against modern medicine. "Sixteen And Blue" is Westerberg's look back at adolescent identity crises (without condescension but with a ton of gutsy emotion); yet even as he looks back at being a kid, he's writing even stronger stuff about the frustrations of growing into adulthood in the music biz - as "Seen Your Video" and "I Will Dare" attest. And the Kiss cover kicks ass. A record that may be 1984's #1 pick.

- Jim Testa

Accelerators

MANUAL SCAN, "Plan Of Action" (5-song EP)
Dance & Stance Records, PO Box 0000,
San Diego, CA 92110 (\$3)

Yeah, more California mods! Manual Scan's been boppin' about for almost 4 years now and this EP shows them to be tight and, well...professional. Considering the music's so raw and garagey, it manages to come off sounding quite GREAT, not snobby, not "We're tight, maaan!"

Bart Mendoza plays guitar, writes, and sings for this San Diego mod band. The only other permanent member being guitarist Kevin Ring, who adds the "Secret Agent" riffs & cool back-ups to this 6T's influenced outing. This record should appeal to anyone into '60's garage punk, surf, or R&B (the way the High Numbers were R&B). Send away for it! Besides, Bart's my friend and...

- Mick London



"The Do It Yourself Big Hit Record"/Jive
In Jersey PUNSTERS/Rosebud Records
148 Somerset St. New Brunswick NJ 08901

More yuks from NJ's resident goofball parodists, the A-side is a Firesign Theater-style collage about formulaic hits, the funnier B-side explains how youse guys talk out dere. Inspirational Verse: "In Kansas they'll say that it's really keen/In Philly they'll tell you it's lean & mean/In Norfolk they'll say, 'Hey, all the way!'/But in Jersey we just say, 'Fuckin' Ay!!'"

- J.T.



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Cyanamid's Sparky 45!

CYANAMID, "Stop The World" EP
Mutha Records, PO Box 416
West Long Branch, NJ (#3)

One of the most disturbing pieces of vinyl every - Cyanamid are too close to reality, their view is a mirror you wish to smash. Lead singer Dan has an ordinary, nice-guy type of voice which he stretches to the limits of emotive exposure. Very odd charisma.

"This Is Hell!" opens the EP, and sure enough, it is: Sort of sad, but still amusing. The guitar/bass/drums trio behind Dan are unique. Although Cyanamid are associated with the NJ hardcore scene, and feature some short bits of frenetic thrash on this record, most of what they do best is slower, dirge-like sludge/metal insanity. Totally gripping. The guitarist uses some of the more effective metal sounds, while bassist Sparky provides mutant fuzz throb thunder.

Side B consists wholly of their 6-minute epic, "Stop The World, I Wanna Get Off." This is the ultimate complaint piece for contemporary mankind. The mean & mesmerizing force slowly builds up to an extreme explosion of feelings and sound - scalding guitars, amazing rubbery bass, and solid drums!! Dan lets it all out, there is no turning back. Too real! Too much! Stop! Enough! Stop! Stop!!

Bruce Lee Gallanter



SMERSH- TAPE LOOPINESS

SMERSH are a bizarre duo from Piscataway who have released about six 1p-length cassettes; their newest is the fourth Jersey Beat has reviewed. A vast growth & maturation of ideas has happened in the past year, no doubt. SMERSH are the best & most difficult electronic/noise ensemble to emerge from NJ, masters of extreme distortion using very few instruments: just guitar, bass, synth, distorted vocals & their main character, a cheap drum machine which they utilize to its fullest, getting an infinite array of both warped funk riffs and well-placed progressive/avant rhythms.

Side A is a long, excellent 10-song journey. Do not attempt Side B until you have fully digested the first side! This side contains a few goofy funk pieces with random electronic sounds just dropping in, like a successful abstract painting. The tormented funk of "Greasing Wheezer" features some intense screaming. "A Blurred View" and 2 other lighter pieces are actually somber in part, for a change, with swirling waves of sound. "Wally Jumbiatt's Sister" is a total goof, like 1/2 Jap doing a rap. Best of all is their version of the "Patty Duke Show" theme, an amazing/subtle/strange Zappa-like cosmic collection of sounds.

Get well prepared for Side B: This is very difficult, but very worthwhile music. Totally draining, all-consuming, alien, scary, tribal, throbbing, urgent, and off-the-wall. I think I hear Reagan's voice somewhere in the confused soundtrack. Often frustration and hard to penetrate, fat globs of rhythm, thick and pounding and drenched in noise, this offers the strangest vocals I've heard in recent memory. Total submission only. Should go down well in Europe...

SMERSH is: Chris Shepard and Mike Mangino
Contact at: 337 William Street, Piscataway, NJ 08855.
by Bruce 'Rockin' Rollo' Gallanter

CHILDREN IN ADULT JAILS

Local Aliens Make Good

by Bruce Gallanter

An unexpected surprise: Lower East Side art/noise rock from somewhere in Jersey? Children In Adult Jails represents an unusual & strong combination of ideas splattered together, loose in rhythm yet tight in spirit, a fine balance of somewhat disturbing, yet compelling, elements. Primitive spastic sludge spews forth, with possessed vocals from all 4 members: Male/female alternating lead and rhythm guitars, with a female rhythm team as well. Cosmic bizarre bass and subtle drumming.

Each vocalist has her/his own region to explore, possessed spirits let loose. Sometimes they're serious, sometimes goofy; screaming, whispering, speeding, wailing... Do I hear some Lydia Lunch in there? Quite haunting but real.

The biggest surprise of a recent CIAJ show at the Jetty was their closing tune, an old Ten Years After (?) piece, "I'd Love To Change The World." They really mutated it through a Blue Cheer-like haze via Gong-like weirdness. An excellent feedback and sound effects exchange went down through a kaleidoscope of altered noises, almost psychedelic in nature. Too much! They only play live once in a while, so...

FIRST CLASS

2MERSH-
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TO:

JERSEY BEAT
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FROM:

MORE ALTERNATIVE MUSIC EXPOSURE!

The Jersey Alternative Music Fest.-Vol.1 did have its first concert on October 28 at Mod Art Studio in Rahway. Six totally different experimental units performed, about 60 people attended & we broke even. We got a nicelengthy review in the Aquarian (thanks Paul), so this is just the beginning.

On Sunday, December 16, at the Jetty in Bloomfield, we will be presenting the Jersey Alternative Folk Festival (Vol.2). Organized by Bruce Gallanter of Jersey Beat, with help from Perry Feigenbaum, Michael Bellan & the Aquarian Mag, we will be showcasing a diverse array of talent. Practically all solos & duos, featuring members of Jersey's finest pop groups. So get ready for another important event with: Owen Plotkin (of the Mopeds), Rob Paparozzi & Mitch Eisenberg (Blues Farm...), Billy Snow & Millicent Kitay (Young Turks), Tina Maschi (Frozen Concentrate), Howard Wuelfing (½ Jap.) and Mark Berger (noted folk stylist). Rumor has it that a namefolk act might headline to really pull in the number of customers needed to make this night a thorough success.

Coming up in February of '85, will be the Jersey Alternative Sounds/Noise Festival-Vol. 3. This is only in the planning stages at present, but I/we are considering the likes of Cyanamid, the Mopeds, Children in Adult Jails, Scornflakes & possibly the Lindonian Percussion Weirdos or Suburban Bohemia (the new version). Also not forgetting Paul Decalator's Thought Cancer, who will hopefully get to rehearse for this one. Other interested artists who would like to get involved, call me, Rockin Rollo at 388-9354 or send a note or tape to 136 Elm Ave.#32, Rahway, NJ, 07065. Thanx.